

her in from human sight. Once she dropped the reins to the neck of her horse, and, clasping her cold hands pressed them against her

seared eyeballs, as though to bar out some

evil influences; but she groaned, wretchedly.

"Oh, I never yet came at the cry of the

despairing. Then she grew stronger, as it

seemed, for she threw back her tangled hair,

tossed back her crushed hat, and laid her

forehead to the pillow of the storm. She

laughed a low, shuddering laugh, as the

drops trickled upon her fever-hot brow.

And then she placed her hand on the shrine of

her Maker—the creature on the throne of the

Creator. Not content to give the unselfish,

unfathomable love of a woman's heart, she had

poised on the altar of her idol that "sacred

oil" of worship and adoration that is not

withheld from Heaven. She had conceived

that she was universe now! Where was her

idol—her shrine?

"The store," of the country for miles around,

with its much bleached sign of "fish,

flour, fruit, dry goods, groceries," and a

dozen independent little stores, all of which

went on dashed against its back wall. It

was kept by an older brother of Anne. The

place was a little back from the main

before the plank platform. Anne looked about

her in momentary bewilderment; then sud-

denly, as if by magic, she was looking at

his back, and dropped the bride to the ground.

The little building shook with the strife of

the wind, and the old man's head, which

close beneath its foundations, was

within, unlighted for the night. It was

dark, and the stars were shining down

in surprise, at the sound of a step, and

brushed against his sister before she was aware of

it.

"What are you about, Anne?" he asked,

catching her roughly by the arm; "Girl!

What are you doing? You are not alone!

And dropping a sight to behold! What in the

name of heaven are you doing? What in the

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name of heaven are you doing? What in the

on us man! you're as white as if you'd seen

a ghost!" he pointed to a letter before

him. "There! I don't see nothing—I've lost

my spectacles!"

"Is he name?" answered the old man,

and the letter trembled.

"You don't say so, John!" cried his wife,

lifting both hands above her head.

"Is this ship-mate and journey-man?" he

exclaimed, exclaiming it as he laid out his

old eyes would allow. "It's had a long

way to come, and—too late! too late!"

"Too late!" the burden of destiny had

been thrown wildly off, and no joy or sorrow

of course could sink into the cold heart of her

who had borne it. Oh! if she had been patient

but a little longer!

That traveling letter told its story only

to the unsympathetic hearts of the proud

household, and not a lip ever opened to

reveal it. It dropped into the great receptacle

of family secrets, lying there, unopened,

as it was, and, what mattered it to any

heart but her's, that it could not warm into

life.

Her relatives rejected even the common kind

of office courtesies, seeming to scorn

the common in sorrow, until the day of the

funeral.

It was a grand show—that funeral—so old

people, and they were, when they had

heavy, aristocratic carriages, and the

town and cities, draped in black, wound

along the narrow hill-roads. The country

around was a sea of purple and white.

The coffin was borne slowly along, while young

girls of her own age dressed in white, with

their heads bowed, and their eyes fixed

on either side, showing it with tears of pity.

She lies in a lovely spot of one of the hills

she loved, away from the common throng, as

if she were alone. The green mound of the

small cemetery was girt about with groves

of trees, and the air was fresh and

mirrored the twilight sky. Not a breeze

disturbed it then, and the frogs' chant came

from the water, and the wind was soft

and then with the wail of the whippoorwill far

beyond. Young trees, larches, and willows,

kept guard over the costly monuments of the

dead, and the air was fresh and

taller monument steeples, and mused long

over the white but time-worn slab that bore

the simple inscription:

"To the Memory of ANNE K., B. 17—

Oh! passionate heart, "be patient" with the

Providence that "worketh all things well!"

## CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

## SENATE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, presented certain resolutions

which were adopted by the Legislature

of that State, on







12,198; manufacturing establishments, 307. <sup>1</sup> *A. Chanover*, Cádiz, Harrison county, Ohio, Jan. 9. <sup>2</sup> *Misrepresentation Corrected*.



has just been published, entitled  
(b.) Fugitive Slave Case, involving  
beads "orpus" It is for sale by  
man street, New York. Price \$3  
single copy. Aug. 7-3m